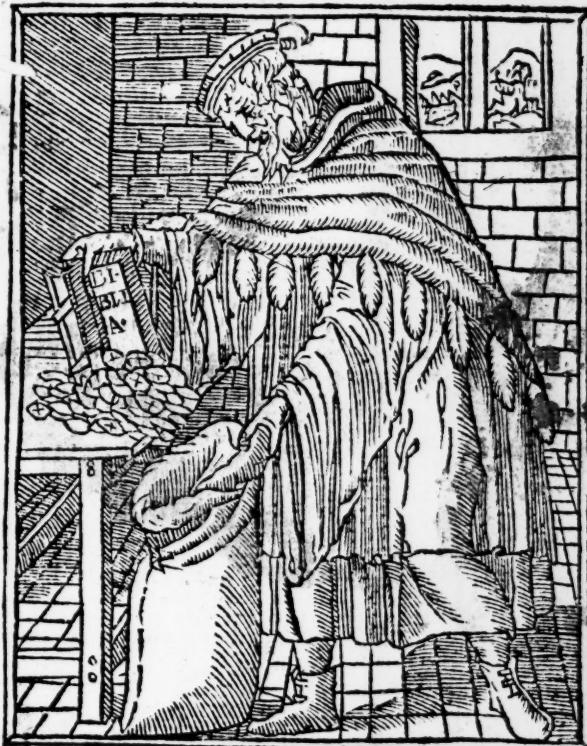


C Philargyrie

140

of greate Britayne

0410



i. Timothy. vi,

**The rote of al mischief þ euer dyd spring
Is carefull Couetise, & gredy Gathering**

The Contentes of
thys boke.

Howe Philargyrie came into
greate Brytayne

Thys Oration to the people
that resorted to hym

Howe the people submitted
them selues to hym

Hypocrisies Oration.

Howe he comitted the gouer-
nance of y people to Hypocrisie

Howe Philargyrie deuoured
all the treasure that Hypocrisie
had layde vp in store

Howe Hypocrisie wēt about
to wythstande Philargyrie

How selfe loue vttered Hy-
pocrisie his intēt to Philargyrie

How Philaute went to Rod-
noll and what he dyd there

How y people forsoke Hypo.

How truth tolde al to y kynge

How the kynge draue al these
oute of his realme

Finis

¶ To the Reader

If Poetes maye proue
and tye they? owne wytte
In fepneyng of fables
* * greate Vices to blame:
And if they be blamelesse
altho:gh they do hytt
The Treuth in theyre Treatyse
bnder a strayne name
Then maye I by ryght
(me thyncke) do the same
Wherefore though I touth the
take it in good parte,
For I wyll the nowe Ill
as God knoweth myne herte.

I graunte I haue fepned
and wytten a lye,
And yet not so lowde
as I woulde it were,
For treuly thys Gigant
greate Philargyre
Is present in greate Wytayne
euen euery where
Not one man is free
From hys Tyrannie there,
For all men he polled
fyste by Hypocrisie,
And nowe by seife Loue
he doeth all destroye.

The Hypocrites had gotted
into they? owne handes

To the Reader

All places of pleasure
in euery coaste
So had they the good
and profitable land:s
Which nowe by selfe loue
are spoyled and losse
No good thyng at all
remayneth welmoste
The thyngis that were best
Are nowe made so bad
That where much thyng is
there nought can be had.

The Hypocritis were All
but worste is selfe loue
Wherefore gentle Reader
I praye the hartly
Make earnest petition
to the Lorde aboue
To deliuer greate Britaine
from whilargyrie
Who hath brought that rich Island
into such miserie
That thyngs of greatist plentie
are scantist to be had
And al thyng that good was
is nowe made to bad.

Finis.

Vnto suche as be yet wythout
All thyngis shalbe spoken in
parables. My arke. 114.

C The fable

of Philargyrie y great Gigant
of great Britain, what houses were
bullded and landes appoynted for
his provisions, and how all the
same is wasted to content his
gredie gut wythall and yet
he rageth for hunger

:):)*(:):



Eue eate awhyle
And marke my style
You y hath wyt in store
for wyth wordes bare

I wyll declare
Thynge done long tyme befoze
Sometyme certayne

Into Britayne
A lande full of plentie
A Gyaunte greate
Came to seke meate
Whose name was Philargyrie
He was so stronge
That none emonge
That brutyshe nation
Durst take in hande

Him to wythstande
In any station
That curssed ladde
A fre course had
That Ilande ouer all
Boeth bale and hye
So ere at his wyll
Wyth tow nes both great and
Then let he crye (smal
That lowe and hye
That woulde to him resoꝝt
Shulde styll endure
In all pleasure
And lyue in playe and spoꝝte
So that they woulde
Do as they shoulde
And honoure him as God
Wyth Baggis of golde
In many folde
In number euen oꝝ odde
Come vnto me
Acc ho so wyll (quoeth he)
There shall no lawe him bynde
I wyll him make
free

Free for to take
All thyngis that he can fynde
Force and stronge hand
By sea and lande
Shall be his lawe and ryght
He shall he holde
To take and holde
Al thyngis by force and myght
So that he byyng
To me some thyng
I wyll defend him styll
None so hardye
Him to deny
Or to saye he doeth Ill
When this was knowne
And a broade blowne
Throughout that Island wyde
From euery porte
Men dyd resorte
To him on euery syde
So that anone
A Legion
Were redy at hys wyl
To do all thyng

At his byddynge
Whether it were good or Ill
Then forth he stode
Wyth full mylde mode
Despyrnyng them silence
Tyll he had tolde
All that he wolde
Unto that Audiance

Philargyzies Oration.

God sayes (quoth he)
Full well I se
That ye haue ben opprest
Longe tyme wyth lawes
Not worth two strawes
But that shal be redreste
Henceforth there shall
No lawe at all
Restrayne your Libertie
But that you maye
Boeth nyght and daye
Do your owne wyll frely
Catch what you can
From euery man

And

And hold it for your owne
Reape, let me se
And brynge to me
That other men haue so wone
And when you fynde
Ought to your mynde
That force can not brynge in
Then beate your bryne
Aboute some trayne
Whereby you maye it wyne
Se nothyng let
You for to get
All thyngs into your hande
Whych other men
Must now and then
Redes haue by sea or lande.
Then set the pryce
Aboue all lyse
Your bagges therwith to fyll
Make the vile slaues
And paylant knaues
Paye you at your owne wyll.
And where you spye
Commoditie

There

Ther plant your dwelling place
And then employe
Pour whole study
To get it by apase
And by eche porte
Where is resorte
Se that ye do conueye
All maner thyng
Whereof myght sprynge
Profyte to this contrey
For so shall ye
Enriched be
And haue money in store
For you shall sell
Thyngis twyse so wel
As men dyd heretofore.
The woule, the lead
The corne for breadde
The bere butter and cheese
Shall be well solde
Wherefore be bolde
By them you can nought leese.
Metalle of Bellis
Lether and fellis

And

And woulsted yarne also
Are redye golde
Let them be solde
Wpth thyngis a thousand moe
And if you maye
Conuey a waye
These thyngis beyond þ some
Then shall the pryse
Ot that aryse
That shal be lefte at home
You muste therfoze
Haue euermoze
All those thyngis in your hande
Wherin the sprynge
Of euery thyng
And fyrst encrease doeth stande.
The pasture grownde
That feaderth sound
You must in no case lacke
All maner mynes
And myllis that gryndis
Must helpe to fyll your sacke
Coplis of wodde
Be verye good

For you to haue in hande
You must nedes haue
Greate fermes a thraue
Wyth all good fruitfull lands.

Shorte tale to make
You muste all take
And worde by styll in stoz
Tyll that be scant
Whereof no want
Was euer sene befoze.

Draffe is plenty
Yet certenly
If it were handled well:
It woulde be solde
For redy golde
And that some men can tel

The tyme hath byn
That men coulde wyne
By smoke and by Uryne
And why shoulde nat
Gayne ryse of that
Wher with me fede thei swine.

Se to all thyng
Whereof maye sprynge

Ange

Any Lucre or Guyne,
For Bayne doeth smell
Excedynge well
In euery thyng certayne.
I wyl therefore
Asme saye no more
But if you do apply
Your busynes
To get rychesse
By mynde to satisfie.
You muste me fede
Aye at my nede
Wyth bagges of mooste pure
For I coulde eate (golde
None other meate
Sence I was two dayes olde.
A God am I
That can not dye
Wherefore I muste be fed
Wyth golde most pure
That wyl endure
And not wyth byckle breade
Brynge, bryng bryng, bryng
Alwaie some thyng,
And

And then you shall me please.
All that is solde
For redie golde
Doeth my stomake much ease.

And as you wyl
Continue styl
All your dayes in pleasure
Euen so applye
You busily
Woyth golde me to honoure

I am your God
And haue the rod
Of hunger in my fyste
Wherefore take hede
Ye do me fede
Woyth golde that is fynest

And him that can
Best playe the man
In gettyng golde and fe
I wyl promote
And set afoote
In wealth and hygh degree
And in the ende
I wyl him sende

To Plutos dwellinge place
Where he shall be
Next vnto me
Wherefore, gather apase
Dixi, quoth he
And bowed his knee
Vnto his audience
Thankyng them all
Boeth greates and smale
For theyr quere science

How the people of Britaine became
subiect to Philargyte.

Then wyth one voyce
All dyd reioyce
And clapt theyr handes
And after that (apase)
They fell all flatte
Prostrate before his face
Then rose they vp
And in a cup
Of golde, they dyd him brynge
Foe thousandis than

Ing

Any man can
Well expresse by wytynge
Then gan they synge
Beholde we bynge
Oure moztetydis sacrifice
Desyrynge the
That it maye be
Pleasant before thynneies
Then forth he caught
His hande, and caught
The cup ful of pure golde
Whnd at one sup
He drancke it vp
Thankyng them many folde
Henseforth, quoth he
Loke that you be
Woyth me thysse in the daye
Woyth such a sup
In such a cup
That I do not decaye
And be ye bolde
To get the golde
As I haue sayde before
No lawe shall let

You for to gette
So much, and ten tymes moze
All tremblyng then
One of his men
Fell flatte vpon his face
And desyred
To be pardoned
To speake his mynde a space
Stand by quoth he
What so thou be
And tell to me thy name
Thou shalt haue grace
To speake a space
Thou shalt sustayne no blame
Deare Souerayne
Quoth he agayne
I am Hypocrisie
There is on mould
No man that woulde
Serue you leuer then I
But thys one thyng
My Lorde and kynge
If I myght be so holde
To saye my mynd

I faute I fynde
Inthat which you haue tolde
Saye on, quoth he
I pardon the
Let me knowe all thy thoughte.
If thy counsell
Do lyke me well
It shall in dede be wroughte
Then manerly
Be made curchy
As one that coulde his goode
woyth mylde wordis than
Thus he began
Before them as he stode

Hypocrysies Oracion.

My Lorde and kynge
This is the thyng
That doeth my mynde
And causeth me (offend
Thus bolde to be
Trustyng you wyll it mende
You haue vs tolde
We shulde be bolde

Co

To take all at our wyll
And spoyle the ryche
And poze alyche
Our baggis wyth golde to fyll

But well I wotte
Thys thyng wyll not
Be suffred anye whyle
Except that we
wozke subtyltee
And get theyr goodis by gyle

We muste pretende
Some holy ende
That maye the people please
And so we shall
Be Lordis of all
And fyl oure baggis wyth ease

Sende me to preache
And I wyll teache
The people ouer all
That they shall lye
In purgatozye
After theyr death fatall

I will them tell
That paynes in Hell

B.ii.

And

And paines there are a lone
Sawe that of this
An ende there is
But of the other none

Then that they maye
Be sure alwaye
To crepe oute at their wyll
I wyll them tell
We haue to sell
Pardone of all theyr Ill

So they wyll bynge
To vs althynge
Whercof we shall stande neede
Houses to buyde
Boeth thackt and tylde
And by vs sode and wede

Then wyll I proue
It doeth behoue
That we haue land and rent
That we maye praye
For them alwaye
To God omnipotent
And when they lye
Redy to dye

Then

Then wyl I be at hande
For to declare
Howe harde we fare.
For lacke of rent and lande.

Then wyl I tell
The paynes of Hell
And purgatorie fyre
And what greate payne
They shall sustayne
Unlesse they do vs hyre

For we are they
That fast and praye
For them that geue vs ought
And our doynge
Is worch nothyng
Unlesse it be deare bought

Nowe when they se
Them selves to be
Set in so greate distresse
Wyth all theyr herte
They wyl departe
Wyth much of theyr ryches

In hope that we
Wyl factours be

B.iii.

For

For them, when they be gone
And by thys trayne
We shall obtayne
Great landis and goodis anon
For what is he
That wyll not be
Glad to redeme wyth golde
Hys soule, which he
Shall thyncke to be
Dampened a thousande folder
And specially
When he shall dye
And leaue all thyngs byhynde
For if he wold
Then whoorde by golde
He can not haue his mynde
I wyll I trowe
In some eares blowe
So terrible a blaste
That they shall quake
And for feare make
As theyr heyres at the laste
Yea kyngis wyth crownes
Shall geue by towne

And

And Cities to be sure
That we shall praye
For them all waye

Whylse the world shall endure

Thus shall we haue

All that we craue

And much moze at oure wyll

Oure selves to fede

As we shall nede

And geue you golde your fyll

Dixi, he sayed

And then he prayed

Philargyie of grace

And then wyth that

He fell downe flat

Prostrate befoze his face

Howe Philargyie committeth the
Gouernaunce of all hys Subiectes
to Hypocrisie.

All myldly than
If this God began
And bade his man arise
Stand vp, quoth he

for

For well I se
Thou arte prudent and wyse
Wherefore wyth me
Thou shalt chiefe be
I wyll worcke by thy reade
And all that be
Subiect to me
Thou shalt gouerne and leade
Then let he crye
That towne and hye
That woulde take him as kyng
Shoulde wyth all spede
Fulfyll in dede
Hypocrisies bydynge
For he is wyse
And can dyuise
Wayes to get golde and fe
And make men fyll
Wyth ryght good wyll
Your baggis to brynge to me
Then all that were
Present to heare
That proclamation
Shewed them content
102

Worth

Worthe full assent
And thus they sayed eche one,
Hypocrisie

Is most worthe
To rule vnder oure kynge
For he can preach
And men so teach
That they wyll gladly brynge

Then went there out
A full greate route
From Philargyzies place
And by and by
Hypocrisie

Began to preach apace

All maner men
Were redie then
To geue euen what he woulde
They were so madde
They thought he had
Saluation to be solde

Then builded he
A greare Citie
Rodnoll he dyd it name
It was all one

Worthe

Wyth Babylon
If it were not the same
In that Citie
Then Bylded he
A temple to his God
Settyng therein
Of his owne kyne
An hundred knyghts and odde.
The Arch knyght was
Bythope Chayphas
Who rode with spear and Byld
Haueynge his corse
Armed wyth force
To cause all men to yelde
Then in ech place
That pleasante was
He planted houses sure
Of lyme and stone
They were echone
Because they shoulde endure
Bulwarkis also
A thousande moe
Then any man can tell
To beate them downe

That

That wore the crowne
If they dyd once rebell
So was that lande
Whole in the hand
Of Philargyzies men
No wyght was free
From them if he
were worth poye thyllings ten
But to couloure
His endeuoure
He dyd those places name
Houses for clarkes
And the bulwarckes
Lodgyngis for blynde & lame
Then poynted he
That there shoulde be
Leches of wondrous skyll
In euerye place
Whoe in short space
Should helpe theyr bags to fill
At Walsynghame
Was Noter dame
At Elye good Audye
And at Wylsedon

were

Were greate cures done
By bolstryng of Sandye
At Hayles there was
One in a glasse
That wrought woundes full
And at Wynchcome (great
Were cured some
That coulde keuelme intrea
There were also
A thousand moe
Leaches of his poyntyng
That coulde heale all
Boeth great and small
That woulde any thyng byng
They woulde not stycke
To heale the sycke
In bodye and in soule
They had suche wytte
They coulde do it
By drynckynge of a bole
When this was done
Then was al wone
They nede to seke no moze
They had all thyng

At they? lykyng
To spende and kepe in hoze
Hypocrisie

Thought then to stye
Up to Rodnoll anone
To se what was
There brought to passe
After he was thense gone

But ere he went
More gold he sent
To his God Philargyie
Then thousandis ten
Of brutys men
Coude bare, to make hym mery
Wych he eate bp

All at one sup
And yet was not content
But sayde that they
Had by the waye
Spent some of that was sent.

All ragynge than
This God beganne
On them his wrath to breake
He layed aboute

Among

Antony

Eggs
booke

unf

Conrad

Peter

nicolas

W. G. G. G.

at f. m. f.

J. Gasly J. G. G. G.
P. G. G. G.

Emonge the route
Tylnone of them colde speake.
¶ And when he had
Lyke one halfe madde
Slayne all that companye
In all his rage
He calde his page
Whoe came forth by and by
¶ Come on (quoth he)
I wyll go see
What prouision there is
They shall it bye
Full deare if I
fare not better then this
¶ I fetch forth my steed
Truste at nede
For nowe I am in haste
I muste go ryde
Hypocrisse
And so if he make waste
¶ His lad was preste
Woyth his steede dreste
Redy for hym to ryde
And ryght anone

he. He leapt theron
And would no longer byde
He 2yd forth faste
Tyll at th e laste
He came to 3 grauk place
A here he dyd spre
Hypocrisie
Spillynge his bagges apale
Then laughed he
And sayde 3 se
Hypocrisie is iuste
Nought can him let
Treasure to get
To satisfie myluste
Hypo crisie
Hearde by and by
His Lorde and maisters boyce
And ganne to synge
To leape and sprynge
So muche he dyd reioyce.
All simplyngly
Whylargyrie
Then gan his man embrace
And sayde my sonne

Howe

Howe haste thou done
Sesse thou wast at my place

My Lorde sayde he
And bowed hys knee
I haue had good successe
For all this lande
Is in my hande
Wyth infinite rycheesse.

Then sayde he come
You shall se some
Of that I haue in store
Take you your fyll
Of what you wyll
There cometh in dayly more,

Then wyth a keye
He made his waye
Into his treasure
Where was more golde
I dare be bolde
The world in poulis church ly

Howe Philargyrie deuored all
the treasure that Hypocritic
had layed by in store.

Full hungerly
Philargyrie
Began then for to eate
Euen as he had
Ben more then madde
For lacke of nedefull meate.

Goblettes of golde
Went downe twofolde
So dyd owches and ryngis
Tablettis wyth stones
Made for the nonce
Wyth many other thyngis

So faste he eate
That he gan sweare
As it had bene a bull
Ten tunne I wote
Went downe bys throte
And yet he was not ful

Then carefully
Hypocritie
Bethought him of his store
And wyth wordes wyse
He dyd aduise

His lord to eate no moze

It shall, quoth he
Ryght healthfull be
To leaue wyth Appetite
For all fulnes
Doeth cause syckenes
As Physickes maisters wyte
Yea yz, quoth he
But when I se
That sycknes doeth me prycke
I can be bolde
For redy golde
To haue present Physicke
Wherefoze I wyll
Nowe rate my fyl
There shall nothyng me lette
Therefore be gone
Let me alone
I must lyue by my meate
Full beaully
Hypocrisie
Then toke leaue to departe
And sayed Adiu
Much good do it you
But thought it not in herte
wyth

Woyth boeth handis than
This God began
To crambe into his craue
Tyll all the golde
WherEOF I tolde
Was motwed bp in his matwe

Then sate he downe
And gan to frowne
As not content in mynde
Because no more
Was lefte in store
And he had not halfe dynde

Then bp he rose
And caste the nose
Alofte into the wynde
Euen as a stoyne
Holdeth bp the groyne
When he woulde fedyng fynde

Come on, quoth he
For well I se
Here is no meat in store
Hypocrisie
Wyll him aply
I thyncke to get in more

C.ii.

Then

Then home he went
False myſſe content
And layed him downe to reſt
But he could get
No ſleepe quiete
To faſten in his breaſte

Howe Hypocriſie went
about to withſtande
Philargyrie

In this meane ſpace
Hypocriſie was
At Rodnoll, full buſy
Some waye to fynde
Hym ſelfe to wynde
Out of that miſerie
Thus dyd he caſte
Then at the laſte
In his diſceytefull thought
I wyll, thought he
Liberal be
Of that which coſte me nought
As many as wyll
Shall haue theyr fell

Of meate and drynck wyth me
Boeth lowe and hye
Shall haue plentie
Of fode, wyth golde and fe.
So shall I kepe
Wyth them frendshype
And haue them on my syde
Wyth al theyr herte
To take my parte
What so shall me bytyde
Full well I knowe
That hye and lowe
Wyll take parte of my chere
For in ech coaste.
Boeth sodde and roste
Are waren very dere
And it is lyke
That they wyll stycke
To me alwaye at nede
For houndis are wont
Freshly to hunte
For them that do them fede,
And so I saye
I shall alwaye.

Be able to wythstande
That wycked wyght
If he wyll fyght
Either by sea or lande

Then by and by
He dyd employe
Hym selfe to make good chere
And for to spende
By the yeres ende
All that came in by yere.

This dyd allure
I am ryght sure
The hertes of thousandis ten
To be redy
To lyue and dye
Wyth him lyke faythfull men

Then was he bolde
And thought he could
Withstāde his maisters myght
He dyd therfore
Kepe nought in store
For hym as he had plyght
Greate fees he gaue
An hundzed thraue

To

To men that had no nede
For well knewe he
That it must be
Such that muste do the dede

Dowe selfe loue bittered Hypocrisie
his intent to Philargyrie

Then was there one
That dyd anone
Conceiue his wole intent
And in a nyght
He dyd him dyght
And to Philargyrie went
He went so faste
And made such haste
For feare to come to late
That longe ere daye
He rydde the waye
And was come to the gate
Full fierly than
To knocke he gan
As one that woulde come in
Till the wycket

So as

Was open set
To knocke he would not blinne
Then came forth one
To him anone
And sayde what haste is this
Saye on quoth he
Declare to me
What thy busynes is
Syr, quoth the freke
I muste nedis speake
Wyth my lozde Philargye
I can him tell
All is not well
About Hypocrisie
Then ranne the page
As one in rage
Unto the chaumber doze
And at one pushe
He dyd it rushe
Downe flat into the floze
Wyth that awoke
That God and Choke
Hys lockis y were full thynne
What maye this

Syr

Syr knaue(quoeth he)
That thou comest so faste in:
Upon hys knee
Then kneled he
(So well he could his good)
And myldly than
Thus he began
Wyth a molte heavy mode
My Lorde, he sayde
Jain a fraped
Oure heauie newes to tell
Foz feare that ye
Shoulde angry be
And take it nothyng well
Newes: quoeth he than
And bade his man
Tell him wythout delaye.
Speake man, quoeth he
What ayleth the
Why dost thou make this staye
Then at the laste
Is man out brasse
And in fewe wordis he sayed
Surely there is

Some

Some thyng amyss
Some man hath you betrayde
Betrayed, quoth he,
Howe maye that be?
And then in hande he toke
Hys bollarde bryght
So goodly dyght
And gan fierly to loke
Tell me quoth he
Who it shuld be
That hath this treasō wrought
That I maye weke
Me on the freke
And bryng his stocke to nought
Hypocriste
I thyncke treuely
Quoth Philargyzies men
For one came now
To speake wyth you
And thus the freke began.
I muste, quoth he
If it maye be
Speake wyth Philargyze
I can hym tell

All is not well

Aboute Hypocrisie

Than the God bade

fech in that ladde

That I maye here hym speake.

Full lyghtly than

Hys saruant ranne

And brought to him the creeke.

Full manerly

He made curchie

And looted to the grownde

Than sayde the lad

I am ryght glad

I haue your lordshipe founde

For I haue spied

And thzoughly tryed

Thingis by Hypocrisie

Whiche do declare

That he doeth beare

Grudge to your maiestie

For certenly

Hypocrisie

Hath now in his owne hande

The halfe welmoste.

In

In euery coaste
Of this pleasant Ilande
And doeth employe
Hym busily
There wyth for to optayne:
All mens good wyll
That he maye styll
In thys ryche Ilande raygne
He goeth aboute
To haue a route
Knytte to hym in frendeshyp:
And to that ende
He doeth intende
A ryght greate house to kepe.
He wyll therfore
Kepe nought in store
For you to fede vpon,
He wyll all spende
By the yeres ende
That he maye laye handes on
And if you woulde
Do what you coulde
To recouer your ryght
The loselles shall

Be redy all

In his quarrell to fyghte

Wherefoze I saye

Inuent some waye

Betyme, for this myschyeffe

Els certenly

You shall shortly

Lacke your nedefull helpe

Then curtesly

Philargyze

Thanked this man and sayde

Ten thousande pounde

In nobles rownde

Thou shalt haue treuly payede

Tell me thy name

And I shall frame

My wayes after thy skyll

For I se well

Thou canste me tell

Wayes to escape thys Ill.

Deare syr quoth he

My name hath be

Whilste sence I was bozne,

Hypocrisie

As clombe so hye
That my stocke is nygh woyme
Well sayde he than
Be content man
I wyll thy stocke restore
For thou shalt be
Chiefe vnder me
As Hypocrisse was befoze
I haue no dreade
But by thy reade
I shall brynge it to passe
That, that hyle slaue
And wycked knaue
Shall be brought do wone full
Tell me therfoze (base
If any stoze
Of counsell doe remaye
What waye we maye
Beste porue and saye
To subdue this bylayne
My Lorde, quoth he
If it so be
That ye wyl, as you saye
Take my counsell

Then

Then knowe ye well
I thyncke this the beste waye:

Let me be sent
To preach in Lent
And out of Lent also:
And I shall drawe
Them from his awe
I truste wyth small adoe

I wyll declare
Howe madde they are
To gyue him of theyr good
To be made iust
Sens all men muste
Be made iust bi Christis blood
For though he ryng

Greate belles and syng
I thousande masses and moe
Yet must Christis bloude
Shed on the rode
Delpyer all men from woe

Then you shall geue
Ech man good leaue
To wythholde what he can
From that byle slaue.

That

That doeth skyll craue
A flyse of euery man.

They must be bolde
All to wytholde
And eke to take hym fro
Boeth lande and see
Where so it be
And rych Jewelles also.

When this is tolde
You may be bolde
All men wyll be full preste
Your parte to take
And him forsake
And then the knaue is dreste,

¶ Let me alone,
There shall not one
Holde on hys syde I crowe
After they do

Once hearken to
The blaste that I shal blowe,
¶ W yth wordes myze
Then Philargyze
Sayde, be it as thou hast told
To vse thy skyll

At thyne o bone wyll
Thou mayst hencefoze be bold
Be thou, quoth he

Nert vnto me
Andeke my cosen deare
Henseforth certayne

In al Britayne
There shall not be thy peare

And all that be
Kynne vnto the
Be it neuer so small

I wyll promote
And set a flore,
Cosens I wyll them call
Nowe swete kynsman

Do what you can
That Wylaynes wyll to let
And get me golde
Either newe oz olde
Else shall I starue for meate

For I had not
My fyll I wot
This hundred yeres and moe
Whych causeth me

D. i.

So

So leaue to be
That scarcely I can goe
¶ Holde you content
It is nowe lent
You must nedes fast a while.
Lenten quoth he
Lent let it be
And then he gan to smile
¶ W yth that began
Philautie his man
To demaund wth wordes mild
What thyng myght be
The cause that he
For he Lent was named smyle
¶ Oh Couse quoth he
The tyme hath be
That I haue eate moze golde
In one hore lent
Then some haue spent
In fyfte wynters colde
¶ For certainly
Hypocrisie
Dyd in lent most proude
Good golde to fede

Me at my nede
In euery tyme and tyde.

But let that go

He doeth not so
Nowe, well he shall repent
You wyll I trowe
Couise byynge him lowe
Before an other Lent

Yea syr, quoth he

Sure ye shall be
I wyll so byynge hym downe
That the vyle knaue
Shall nothyng haue
In fielde nor yet in towne

Let vs therefore

Nowe talke no more
I muste this mater plye
It shall be beste
For you to rest
Whylse I to Godno'll stye

Go you to bed

And laye your heade
Upon a pyllowe fyne
I truste to gete

D.ii.

You

You goltren meate
Ere it be tyme to dyne.
Couſe go thy waye
That God gan ſaye
God pluto be thy ſpede
My ſprite ſhal be
Preſent wyth the
To helpe the aye at nede
My lord, quoth he
It ſhall beſt be
That no man doth is knowe
Wherfore let not
Your ſeruaunts wot
Leſt they ſome rumours ſowe
For I muſt preach
And al men teach
That gods ſonne hath me ſent
For ſo ſhall I
Haue by and by
My purpoſe and intent
Couſe, thou ſhalt ſe
I warant the
All ſhall be kept ſecret
For counſells knowne

And

And abroade blotone
Wyll our procedyngs let
Depart therfore
And saye no more
For I knowe al thy mynde
Thou shalt well se
That I wyll be
As reasone doeth me bynde
Then louted he
Wyth either knee
And sayed, my lord Adm
The God of slepe
Wouchsafe to kepe
All that belonge to you

Howe Philargyze went to
Rodnol and what he
dyd there.

Then forth he went
As he was sent
Tyl he to Rodnoll came
Where by and bye
He made outecrie
Agaynst Hypocrites name

D.iii.

Gene

Geue care to me
All you, quoth he
That do your owne welth loue
For gods owne soune
Dyd byd me runne
Pout enmie to remoue.

Hypocrisie
Hath dealt flaslly
Wyth you full many a yere
To gather pelfe
And kepe him selfe
In ease and bealy chere.

Do you not se
Howe greasye he
And his be, and how fat:
His chekes be bolne
And for fat swollen,
His nose is coweded flat

He walloweth in
That fylthy synne
Of greddy glottonnye
He wyll not swynke
For meate nor dzycke
But lyue styll Adellye

Yet wyll he eate
Nought but fyne meate
And drinke of the best wyne
Who so hath bene
Wytth him hath sene
His fare to be ryght fyne

I graunte he wyll
Your bealies fyll
Tyl your backis can not bowe
But all that is
Nothyng of his
But byggis of your owne sow

Open your eyes
If you be wyse
And se to your owne gayne
Let not thys slaue
The ryches haue
That you haue gotte wth payn

You nede not passe
For his bayne masse
Hys dryge and prayars longe
For well we see
All those thyngis be
But labour of the tonge

Your

Your selfe can praye
As wel alwaye
As he, and also feede
All such as ye
Shall knowe to be
Poore and nedie in dede
His prayars shall
Helpe none at all
Christis bloude hath paid the
You nede therefore, (price
To do no more
That one price doeth suffice,
What madnes than
Is in that man
That wyl so much bestowe
Upon a thyng
Worse then nothyng:
No man is so madde It rowe

Howe the people forsake
Hypocrisie.

The people anone
Much mused on
These words that seemed
(straynge

Yet dyd they embrace
Them, in thozte space
Because they loue to chayne
And naturally
you knowe pardie
Ech man wyll loue him selfe
Then a small thynge
Waye him sone brynge
In loue with this worlds pelfe

The bzutes therfoze
Toke Philautis loze
And lefte Hypocrisie
Then range the bell
To a Counsell
That thynge to ratifie.

In this Synnodde
Ten scoze and odde
Toke Hypocrisses parte
Yet all they losse
For all theyz boaste
In dyspyte of theyz herte
It was decreed
There and agreed
That Philaute should possesse

For

For euer more
Hypocrisie store
Hys landes and his ryches.
Then Philaute sent
In content
Tenthousande tunnes of gold
To Philargyrie
To make him mery
Therwith, what time he wold
In shorte tyme than
His store began
To waste and weare apase
For he ate styll
And coulde not fyll
Hys paunch, in. vii. yeres space
Then Philaute fedde
Hys God wyth leade
With stones, and wyth tymber
And tolde hym that
Golde was so fatte
For men that faste Imber.
You muste, quoth he
Contented be
Wyth such as doeth remayne,

Ye must forbear

This precious gear

Yet for a yere or twayne

Then Philaute solde

For redy golde

Forces that were builded strong

And made so sure

For to endure

That they had stande full long

Great landes also

Philaute let go

For golde that was full fyne

And sent it all

To Philargyres hall

For him ther wyth to dyne

But all was gone

And spent anone

And he loked for moze

But yet in bayne

For nought certayne

Remayned then in stoze

Well thought he than

Itrowe I can

Make ryght fyne golde of bras

And

And so he dyd
But it framed
Full euell as resone it was
Well, yet he sent
And rayled rent
From fyue grotes to a pounde
Yet was there nat
Much wone by that
For more was lost then founde
Well thus at the last
All hope was paste.
His God he coulde not fyl
Unlesse he shoulde
Be founde so bolde
The kynge & hys reame to fyl
Then gan this God
To take the rode
Of hunger in his fyst
And sayde that he
Woulde fylled be
No man shoulde him resiste.
Then wyth strokes soze
He smote the poze
And then they gan to crye

To

To god almyght
for them to fyght
Agaynst Philargye

Howe Trueth tolde all
to the kynge.

But then toke trueth
Pitie and ruth
And to the kynge he went
And sayed syz kynge
Amende this thyng
Thy realme else wylbe shent
Philargye
Hypocrisie
And Philaute haue spent all
Thy people are
So full of care
That nowe to god they cal.
Vengeaunce therfore
Is at thy doore
Redy the to destroye
Onlesse thou wyl
Purge out the Ill
That doeth thy flocke annoy

An

An horrible thyng
It is syr kynge
To fall into godis hande
Thou maist trust me
No man can be
Able him to wythstande
Take hede therfore
Suffer no more
These fell felons to raygne
Leste God almyght
For thy flock fyght
And thou thy selfe be slayne
What though they be
Myghtie to see
Yet feare not thou at all
For (God no doubt)
Wyll rote them oute
If thou wylt on him call
For he hath sayde
He wyll the ayde
Agaynste his enimies
If thou wylt go
For the streyght and do
Thyngis pleasant in his eyes
Howe

T Holbe the kynge draue
that wyched sozt oute
of his realme

Wyth that the kynge
for feare gan spyng
Unto the bible boke
And by and by.
Ryght reuerently
That swerde in hand he toke
No wyght, quoth he
Shall spared be
That doeth my flocke oppresse
God hath me set
Such thyngis to let
And all wrongis to redresse
Then let he crye
That lowe and hye
In whom gods feare did dwel
Shoulde neuer rest
But do they best
Geds enimies to expell
Then fell he downe
And cast his crowne

And

And diademe asyde
And lokyng on hye
Up to the skye
To God aloude he cryed
Lorde God, quoth he
Thou hast chosen me
Ouer thy flocke to raygne
Make me of myght
All wrongis to ryght
And make all well agayne
Then God him sent
Men that were bent
Oppression to expell
Whoe chased oute
This gygante stoute
And then all thyngs were to
finis.

C Impryn-

ted at London by Robert Crowley
dwelling in the Rentes in
Holburne Anno Domini
M. D. L. J.

Cumpriuilegio ad impriuendum
solum.

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